

Ford. I will neuer mistrust my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it wants matter to preuent so grosse ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal I haue a Coxcombe of Frize? Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toasted Cheefe.

En. Seele is not good to giue putter; your belly is al putter.

Fal. Seele, and Putter? Haue I liu'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the Realme.

Mist. Page. Why Sir *Iohn*, do you thinke though wee would haue thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and haue giuen our selues without scruple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Mist. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailes?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Iob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Enam. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings, and starings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you haue the start of me, I am deic'd: I am not able to answer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me, vse me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windsor to one *Mr. Broome*, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you should haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you haue suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, wher I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her *Mr. Slender* hath married her daughter.

Mist. Page. Doctors doubt that;

If *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is (by this) *Doctor Cains* wife.

Slender. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

Page. Sonne? How now? How now Sonne, haue you dispatch'd?

Slender. Dispatch'd? He make the best in *Glostershire* know on't: would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what sonne?

Slender. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry *Mistress Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene i'th Church, I would haue swing'd him, or hee should haue swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had bene *Anne Page*, would I might neuer stirre, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.
Slender. Why, would you tell me that? I thinke so, when I tooke a Boy for a Girl: If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in *Romans* apparrell) I would not haue had him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly, Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter, By her garments?

Slender. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and she cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-masters boy.

Mist. Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeede she is now with the Doctor at the Deanrie, and there married.

Cai. Ver is *Mistress Page*: by gar I am cozon'd, I ha married oon Garsoon, a boy; oon pefant, by gar. A boy, it is not *Anne Page*, by gar, I am cozened.

M. Page. VVhy? did you take her in white?

Cai. I bee gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, He raise all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right *Anne*?
Page. My heart misgiues me, here comes *Mr. Fenton*.
How now *Mr. Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon.
Page. Now *Mistress*:

How chance you went not with *Mr. Slender*?

M. Page. Why went you not with *Mr. Doctor*, maid?
Fen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it, You would haue married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in loue: The truth is, she and I (long since contracted) Are now so sure that nothing can disolue vs: Th'offence is holy, that she hath committed, And this deceit looses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or vnduteous title, Since therein she doth euitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed houres Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie: In Loue, the heauens themselves do guide the state, Money buyes Lands, and wiuers are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you haue tane a special stand to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heauen giue thee ioy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all sorts of Deere are chac'd.

Mist. Page. Well, I will muse no further: *Mr. Fenton*, Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes: Good husband, let vs euery one go home, And laugh this sport ore by a Countrie fire, Sir *Iohn* and all.

Ford. Let it be so (Sir *Iohn*):

To Master *Broome*, you yet shall hold your word, For he, to night, shall lye with *Mistress Ford*: *Exeunt*.

FINIS.



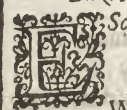
MEASURE

For Measure.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke.



Escalus.

Esc. My Lord.

Duk. Of Government, the properties to vnderstand
Would seeme in mee affect speech & discourse.

Since I am put to know, that your owne Science Exceedes (in that) the lists of all aduice My strength can giue you: Then no more remains But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able, And let them worke: The nature of our People, Our Cities Institutions, and the Terms For Common Iustice, yare as pregnant in As Art, and practise, hath enriched any That we remember: There is our Commission, From which, we would not haue you warpe; call hither, I say, bid come before vs *Angelo*: What figure of vs thinke you, he will beare. For you must know, we haue with special soule Elec'ted him our absence to supply; Lent him our terror, drest him with our loue, And giuen his Deputation all the Organs Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?
Esc. If any in *Vienna* be of worth To vndergoe such ample grace, and honour, It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duk. Looke where he comes.

Ang. Alwayes obedient to your Graces will, I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. *Angelo*:

There is a kinde of Character in thy life, That to th'observer, doth thy history Fully vnfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings, Are not thine owne so proper, as to waste Thy selfe vpon thy vertues; they on thee Heauen doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe, Not light them for themselves: For if our vertues Did not goe forth of vs, twere all alike As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely touch'd, But to fine issues: nor nature neuer lends The smallest scruple of her excellence, But like a thrifty goddess, she determines Her selfe the glory of a creditous Both thanks, and vse; but I do bend my speech

To one that can my p
Hold therefore *Angelo*
In our remoue, be tho
Mortallitie and Merc
Liue in thy tongue, an
Though first in questi
Take thy Commission

Ang. Now good n
Let there be some mo
Before so noble, and s
Be stamp't vpon it.

Duk. No more eua
We haue with a leaue
Proceeded to you; the
Our haste from hence
That it prefers it selfe,
Matters of needfull va

As time, and our conce
How it goes with vs,
What doth befall you
To th' hopefull execu
Of your Commissions.

Ang. Yet giue lea
That we may bring yo
Duk. My haste may
Nor neede you (on mi
With any scruple: you
So to inforce, or qualif
As to your soule seeme
He priuily away: I lo
But doe not like to sta

Though it doe well, I
Their lowd applause, a
Nor doe I thinke the m
That do's affect it. On

Ang. The heauens
Esc. Lead forth, a
nesse.

Duk. I thanke you,
Esc. I shall desire y
To haue free speech w
To looke into the bot
A powre I haue, but of
I am not yet instructe

Ang. 'Tis so with m
And we may soone ou
Touching that point,
Esc. He wait vpon y